GIANT GORILLA FALLS BEFORE THE BULLET OF AN AMERICAN

THE HUGE MONARCH IS KILLED WITHOUT SHOW OF A FIGHT

Husband of Mary Hastings Bradley Ends Career of a Patriarch of the Jungle Who Was Found in His Native Haunts—New Weapons Do Not Give Beast Much of a Chance Nowadays.

IT WAS November 9, that my husband and I and Martha Miller and Priscilla Hall and little Alice and a string of 180 porters left our camp at Kissenyi and started on the three-day march to the mission of the White Fathers on the slopes of Mikeno, from which Herbert and Martha and I expected to make our ascent after gorillas.

Mr. Akeley had left ten days before and was now encamped on the heights, from which he sent down reports and requests by runner.

His descriptions of the conditions under which he had been able to see his gorillas were full of disheartening difficulties, but Martha and I refused to be discouraged.

The fact remained that he had been able to see them and obtain some desired specimens for his group, so we were not going to be turned back by any tale of hardship now.

And the reports which we obtained from Mr. Barns, who came down the eastern side of the mountains as Mr. Akeley went up the west, were more heartening. Mr. Barns passed within a day's journey of Kissenyi and Mr. Bradley and I went out to see him.

He had shot three gorillas for his group, a male, a female and a young one. They were beautiful skins, the female and youngster black and shaggy like bears and the male with the distinguishing silver-haired back.

The male stood five feet five and a half inches high, measuring seven feet six and a half inches from the ground to the finger tip. From finger to finger he measured seven feet five and a half inches, and the chest was fifty-seven inches.

Mr. Barns had come up to this old male in an open space on a ravine edge, and the gorilla had started toward him, roaring and beating his breast.

I asked Mr. Barns if he considered this a charge, and he said he couldn't say—the beast might have been acting from surprise or alarm and trying to intimidate him. But he certainly started toward him.

Then he stumbled, for his progress on his hind legs was unstable in his excitement, and fell down the cliff like ravine. The fall knocked the fight out of him.

Mr. Barns went down the ravine after him and followed him through the jungles for an hour and a half before coming up with him. Then he killed him with a single shot.

NEW WEAPONS DO NOT GIVE BEASTS MUCH CHANCE.

The perfection of the modern weapon does not give the gorilla the chance he had in the old muzzle loading days. In almost every story I have been able to hear of recent hunting, the gorilla had been taken by surprise and shot at once. If wounded he would naturally turn on his attacker; whether he would charge on sight, if unattacked was something we did not know.

Mr. Akeley had believed he would not. My husband and I had no pretensions to a conviction of any sort, but we were going to try for enlightening experience. If we could possibly achieve it we meant to meet a gorilla on his native heath and give him a chance to see what he would do about it.

After seeing gorilla skins the gorillas themselves seemed more real, but there were such difficulties in the way of discovering them, and it was all such a matter of chance, in spite of the hardest sort of pursuit, that we did not feel in the least sure whether we would have any real luck or not. But we meant to stay until we saw them.

The morning of the third day our safari reached Lulenga mission, where the White Fathers received us most hospitably, and installed us in a house waiting the advent of the White Sisters, a long mud house, white-washed, with thatched roof, among roses on the mountain slopes, a short distance from the mission.

VIEW OF TWO VOLCANOES A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

Before us stretched a marvelous view of the Rift valley—green hills reaching down to wide spreading lava fields from which rose the small craters and cones of the valley floor, and across from us the shadowy slopes of the mountains that guarded the west.

South of them rose the beautiful outlines of Nyamiagira and Chaninagongo, above whose craters hung a ruddy smoke. Chaninagongo smokes rather lazily, but Nyamiagira has been steadily active since its last eruption seven years ago, and at night a glow from that crater was a flame in the sky.

Lulenga mission has been the lodestar of gorilla seekers ever since the discovery of true gorillas in the heart of equatorial Africa.

Gorillas had always been associated with low west coast jungles of the Gaboon, but twenty years ago an Englishman, Quentin Grogan, on his famous two-year walk from the cape to Cairo, found the skeleton of a true gorilla in the equatorial mountains.

Later, occasional rumors of great apes up in the bamboos were carried by the natives to the white men, but the apes were supposed to be the chimpanzees, whose presence was already known.

Then about thirteen years ago a German, Grauer, passed through Nairobi with some gorilla skins he had obtained in the mountains of what was then the western edge of German East Africa.

The first gorilla of which the mission had any record was that shot by Count Pauwels in the commencement of 1918.

At the end of 1918 the Count Arhenius made a successful hunt in the bamboos and he returned with Prince William of Sweden on an expedition which was just leaving for the Congo as we came into it.

When we were in London in August we had heard that the prince was dangerously ill with fever.

SWEDISH PRINCE SHOT FIRST GORILLA NEAR CAMP.

He had made his camp at the mission and shot his first gorilla here in the forse just an hour from the camp. The other members of his party, even the soldiers, had killed others, so altogether fourteen were slaughtered.

There were moments when we wondered anxiously if there were any gorillas left for us, anything but lone widows and undergrown youths! Of course, a gorilla was a gorilla, but it was the grown male who has given the legend of ferocity to his race. I had brought with me Du Chaillu's description of his first sight of one:

"The underbrush swayed slightly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on all fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face.

"He stood about a dozen yards from us and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved two inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest and great muscular arms, with fiercely flaring, large, deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision—thus stood before us the king of the African forest. • • •

"His eyes began to flash a fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again set forth a thunderous roar.

"And now, truly, he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions."

MRS. BRADLEY AND HER HUSBAND START HUNTING.

In the hope of meeting the gentleman of this description Herbert and I started off up the mountain at 6 o'clock the morning after our arrival at the mission.

It was a lovely morning, sweet and fresh with that feeling of spring that mornings have in Africa.

We were mounted on a mule and donkey belonging to the White Fathers, with guides running ahead and boys coming after with guns and water and camera. We rode nearly an hour up the steep foot hills of Mikeno.

Back of us the brown roofs of the mission grew smaller and smaller, the waving fronds of the banana plantations merged into a sea of green darker and more glistening than the tender green of the fresh grass about them.

The great plain of lava on the valley floor stretched wider and wider as we mounted higher, and across it the miles and miles of mountain peaks were blue against the sky.

Ahead of us the sharp, craggy summit of the Mikeno stood out in bold relief, with glistening clouds floating below it, shining in the first sunlight. It was a stiff climb and our hearts ached for the puffing mules struggling up the slippery narrow path of mud, but we let our hearts ache and conserved our legs.

PRINT OF THE GORILLA DISCOVERED IN THE MUD.

At 7 we were in the edge of the forest and started on foot up a narrow path tilted at a violent incline, a path like a greased chute of mud. It may have been a rush of water after a heavy rain, but now the mud was a smooth spread, sometimes a slippery smear over rocks, sometimes a slough of incredible depth.

The trees shut us in, the vines netted us like basket work. The guides climbed ahead, my husband after, his gunbearer behind, then I followed with my gun boy behind me. We kept our eyes sharply on the path and suddenly I saw in it a print, perfect, in the soft mud.

It was a hand print, the fingers doubled under, showing the marks of four knuckles and a thumb. A little ahead were outspread toe prints where Herbert and the guides were pausing as I saw the hand marks.

They were gorilla prints, freshly made. The guide declared them "kubwa, kubwa"—"big, big!" which was stirring.

The gorilla had been walking along the path, helping himself by his low-hanging fists. He avoided the deep mud, keeping to one side of the chute, where the ground was mushy, but mere mush had no terrors for him.

HARD CLIMB AFTER THE IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

We followed with a feeling of tremendous exhilaration. It was the actual mark of the great beast we had come so far to see; he was there somewhere ahead of us, hid in a turning of the green thicket—any moment a parting of the leaves might show us that black, twitching face and sparkling eyes.

We ordered the camera boy to keep close and we kept the gun boys extremely close. We had been cautioned not to trust our guns to carriers who were not gun boys in any sense of the word and were quite likely to cast the guns away and run at a critical moment. However, the climbing was much too hard to do with a gun in your hands and we took our chances.

At every turn we gazed about hopefully, remembering that the Pere Van Hoef, the father superior at the mission, had once suddenly seen and shot a gorilla in the branches of the tree just by his head, but no ape disclosed itself.

The path, however, revealed interesting secrets. Here were antelope tracks; there was the sudden spring of a leopard, half dried in the sun.

Suddenly it ceased to be a path and became a series of artesian wells. These were elephant tracks, bottomless pits, freshly made, with water still slipping into them.

They were difficult to negotiate if one tried to step across and balance on the mud ridge between, but we clung to the bushes at the side and got on. Finally the tracks crossed off to the left, here we saw tusk marks on a tree trunk.

It made me remember poignantly that the large gun was at the mission. Herbert and I were each carrying a Springfield. We had nothing heavier for a charging elephant. I remembered it again, even more poignantly, when a tiny sound held me motionless. It was a snapping and tearing of twigs.

The guide crept closer. His low breathed "Tembo" was almost inaudible in his anxiety not to be overheard. I stared hard at the bamboo screen, but it was impenetrable. I hadn't the faintest idea how far away that elephant was breakfasting, but I had no desire to find out.

LOST THE TRAIL IN LIGHT-FLOODED CLEARING.

We were then entering the bamboos, a forest of tall, slender stalks and delicate leaves, all netted and interwoven with vines. It was colder here, so gray that the sun seemed to be under a cloud.

We pressed harder on the trail, trying to catch up with that gorilla, and suddenly came into a clearing, sun-flooded, filled with delicious young growth, a heavenly place for a picture of a gorilla at breakfast.

No applicant appeared. Instead, the spore vanished. We paused to let our guides munch some hard, berry-like grain and smoke their black clay pipes, while we ate chocolate and crackers, then we urged them to fresh effort. But the trail was lost.

They led us out at last on one of the innumerable little ways that led out from the morass through the creeping vines, and on we went into ever dimmer and more impenetrable solitudes. Hanging vines hung down like tapestries, and a network of them veiled the undergrowth.

The guides hacked away with their sickles and we wormed our way along, often forced to crawl on all fours through some bad bits. This went on for hours. The guides had apparently given up all hope of gorilla, but were going to earn their franc by exercising us.

HAD FASCINATING DAY, BUT MISSED GORILLA.

We kept on doggedly till at last, discouraged by our persistence, they united in calling it a day and began to slide down the ravine-like sides.

We got back after seven hours, heartily tired, having accomplished nothing of the morning's hopes but the sight of that gorilla trail, yet we had spent a thoroughly fascinating day.

We had intended starting again on Monday, but a runner from Mr. Akeley changed our plans. He wrote that he was ill, that he had "broken something," so on Monday Herbert and Martha Miller and I and sixty porters started up the mountain to his camp, leaving Alice and Priscilla Hall in the White Sisters' House.

It was a great comfort to have them there, where the untiringly kind fathers did everything possible for them.

Mr. Akeley had written that we had better take two days for the trip, as only veterans might make it in one, but we felt decidedly veteranish by now, and his letter made us anxious, determined to get through at all cost.

We had not gone more than three hours before we came up with the porters opening their loads with unusual alacrity; the cook was busy spreading out his magnificent red mattress, which constituted an entire porter's load.

SCOLDED THE PORTERS SOUNDLY IN SWAHILI.

This was in a damp glade on the mountainside, and the march we had made was not a day's work, so I—being ahead—told them to go on with all the vehemence and Swahili I possessed.

"Pana masuri hapa"—"Not good here"—was repeated vigorously until they got up and hoisted their loads upon their heads. They hadn't really hoped to "put it over;" the head men had been told at the mission they were to go all the way—but they considered it decidedly worth trying.

Later I was to hear that "Pana masuri" flung back at me by half a hundred of them as they slipped and sloshed and scrambled up that mountain's sides.

We had thought we could go up in six hours. It took us nine. The last six hours were a steady, interminable climb, up through the forest, into the bamboos, into a higher forest again.

The path was the same kind of mud chute that Herbert and I had met before, and we had to cling to the trees at the side for leverage.

I understood then why soldiers at the front threw away rations, water, ammunition. There were times when every step seemed literally the last possible effort.

The attitude had its effect, of course, in conjunction with the continual pull. My ears did not ring, but they whistled with my breath.

There were times, about the sixth hour, when we found cheer in song, peculiarly suitable song as "There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding" and "Smile, Smile, Smile," but after that our breath gave out and we saved it for such valuable speech as: "Rest here—we can take the day to it."

FOUND MR. AKELEY HAD KILLED FOUR GORILLAS.

But our spirits did not flag. When Herbert, following our steps, chuckled at the load of mud that went up and down with each foot and announced that we wouldn't do for fairy-footed partners at a dance we looked at his own weighted feet and assured him of his complete unsuitability.

At intervals he cheered us on by telling us we were going to be the only women in the world who had seen wild gorillas.

We retorted that we hoped they'd appreciate the trouble we were taking, and if a wild gorilla would only appear and perform that much advertised act of carrying women off we wouldn't offer any resistance.

The end of the ninth hour we reached the camp, and found Mr. Akeley looking as if years instead of days had intervened.

He was very worn, he had done the work of ten men under particularly trying conditions, he had killed his gorillas—a large male, two large females, and a two-year-old—all in most inaccessible places where the natives had balked at following; he had skinned and skeletoned and dissected without rest, and now energy and appetite had deserted him.

What was broken, he said, was his vigor. We felt troubled when we first saw him, but a good dinner and an incentive toward appetite began to make him feel better.

SKELETONS OF THE ANIMALS WERE HUNG ON POLES.

The camp was high on Mikeno, the mountain's citadel-like crag above, a world of forest and valleys and mountains at its feet, with a blue gleam of Kivu in the distance.

White clouds were all about, floating up the chasms and stealing among the trees. There was only a tiny clearing for the tents with the porters' huts of grass tucked in behind; the gorilla skeletons were hanging from poles in grisly sociability, while from the tent of Mr. Akeley hung a small, mummified figure, a skinned and dried two-year-old gorilla, whom we promptly christened "Clarence."

Beside his specimens Mr. Akeley had fulfilled the hope which had been only a dream of the expedition; he had already got some motion pictures of wild gorillas, a mother and two little ones, something that had never before been done.

The next day we spent quietly in camp. Wednesday we left our boy Kiani in charge of things there and started off to make camp higher up on the ridge between Mikeno and Karissimbi.

It was a two hours' climb and we camped in a glade full of flowers, wild carrot and buttercup, with a marsh before us, and then the forested side of Karissimbi. We were about 10,000 feet up.

ARCTIC CHILL AT NIGHT SUCCEEDED BALMY DAY.

Balmy as that glade was in the noonday sun, the night was a revelation of arctic chill.

Our preparations for bed were elaborate, but even so, the temperature surprised us, and what it did to our scantily clad porters, huddling blanketless in the grass huts about their smoky little fires, we could more than surmise from their conversation during the night and morning.

Actually it did not freeze. It was like northern Wisconsin in late October, when your breath hangs in a cold cloud in the air before you—at breakfast it was 46. We had no campfire, for the wood was wet and smoky, and we had only an iron bucket of wood coals to warm the tents.

Thursday we started out for more gorilla pictures which it was the hope to get before adding any other specimen to the group.

The guides led up up the Karissimbi slopes—only "slopes" is too gentle a word—and we climbed and climbed.

We were in a fairy forest, trees gray with lichen and green with cushioning moss, trees dripping with ferns and garlanded with vines. When the sun shone through that forest the moss gleamed in golden richness.

There were trees with sharp down-pointed leaves, a russet glow at the leaf stalk that hung like a jeweled filagree against the tropic blue of the sky.

There were clouds of pink, orchid seeming flowers, that were not parasites, like orchids, but grew in silver green bushes, and everywhere were snowy reaches of wild carrot and wild parsley, and the familiar pungency of crushed catnip.

SCENE IN THE FOREST LIKE A MAGIC SPOT.

There are no words to describe that forest. Pictures can give but faint clues. It was a magic spot.

Arthur Rackham has dreamed some of its moods, some of its wizard trees with long, curved arms, its crooked, outspread groves, like magicians in flight; but its color, its delicacy, the infinite frailty of its moods, the seduction of every line, the subtle revelation of its lights, are beyond dream.

We found no gorilla that day. We found raspberries instead, enormously large and extremely green; and we found fresh traces of buffalo. The guides were tager about both. They consumed the berries and pointed out the traces of "meat" eagerly, so we concluded that they had gone upon a replenishing expedition."

After five and a half hours of thorough exercise we went back to camp, having cleaned up that section and found no gorilla trail.

GUIDES GIVE ULTIMATUM THAT THEY HAD ENOUGH.

Friday opened with glorious sunshine and an ultimatum from the guides. They were going. The cold nights prevailed over the passion for francs. They had enough now, anyway, for several wives and a long lifetime of ease. However, they were prevailed to wait one more day, and we started forth in haste before they changed their minds.

This time we took another trail up the Karissimbi heights, with ever more and more glorious views as we climbed. At last Mr. Akeley halted.

"This is the most beautiful place in the world and I am going to photograph it," he announced with a certain defiance, knowing the guides viewed any dallying with the cameras with distaste. They understood a gun; the camera was, to them, resultless.

But he did not. As he poised his machine the men pointed. On the slope to the left the bushes were waving, giving a glimpse of something like a black bear.

Hurriedly we marshaled in line, and scrambled to the trail, then in and out the trees and bushes, Herbert and Mr. Akeley first, then Martha and I, our gun boys, though relieved of our guns, scrambling excitedly after us.

We went under a hollow tree feet first and emerged on the other side with a clear view of the slopes before us. There, on a low, slowly rising branch of a tree, like a log, was a gigantic creature, black and shaggy.

MRS. BRADLEY CATCHES SIGHT OF FIRST GORILLA.

My impression was of shoulders, incredible shoulders, huge, unocuth, slouching shoulders. His back was toward us and it was a silver gray back.

We were seeing at last the great beast we had come so far to see—a male gorilla in his savage haunts.

It seemed an eternity before my husband fired. I suppose it was only an instant or two. The crash the silence at the sight of the gorilla.

Immediately the gorilla went crashing down into the welter of vegetation. We thought him dead and raced down toward him after Herbert, but in a few moments we found he had made off, leaving a trail of crushed greenery and blood.

For a few moments the waving bushes gave us the only clue, then he emerged on the slopes above and looked back over his shaggy shoulder, as the gun crashed again, as if trying to comprehend this sudden assault upon his solitudes.

THIRD SHOT FINISHED THE FLIGHT OF BEAST.

I shall never forget the humanness of that black, backturned face.

Then he went plunging down the slope, passing near Herbert, who put in his finishing shot. The great body struck against a tree and lay still. There had been no sound from him, no bark, no roar. He had shown no instinct of fight; nothing but the rush of a wounded beast to escape.

We found him dead against the tree, face down, a huge, shaggy, primeval thing, like something summoned out of the vanished ages. And the scene in which he lay had a beauty like nothing earthly.

From that high place, whose forested slopes swept down, down, in a green flood, to the distant valleys and the blue sheen of Kivu, we looked out on the purple heights of Chaninagongo and Nyamiagria, crested with sun and rose with volcanic fires, and sharply silhouetted against that distant azure and amethyst stretched the superb slope of Mikado, edged with delicate little trees, exquisite miniatures relieving that long line that went up, up, to the citadel crag of the top that glowed with umber rock.

WONDERFUL IMPRESSION CREATED BY DEAD GIANT.

The gorilla was a tremendous male. When tugged and propped upright I shall never forget the impression he made. The great girth, the thickness and length of arm, the astonishing shoulders, made him a giant.

The face was only ferocious when the mouth was open. The normal expression was of a curiously mild and patriarchal dignity.

Without being sentimental you could see in that face a gleam of patient and tragic surmise as if the old fellow had a prescience that something was happening in the world against which his strength was of no avail—as if he knew the security of his high place was gone.

For generations he had lived without fear. He preyed upon no one for his food; he ate the wild carrot and fresh greens, disturbing no one and disturbed by none of his world.

He could have crushed a lion or strangled it, and an elephant, if gripped by the trunk, would have had no thought but of escape. He had been indeed the king of the African forests.

The measurements we took then showed his height to be five feet seven and a half inches, the reach from his hand to the ground eight feet and two inches, and from hand to hand seven feet eight and a half inches. His chest was between sixty-two and sixty-three.

He was, we felt sure, the big bull of Karissimbi, of which we had heard. This bull had been shot at before and we found an old wound in the hip, which had given a decided curvature to the spine, shortening the height.

Looking at his great arm and curving fingers—the fist as big as a man's head—I could understand how unwary hunters in the old days had been scooped out like soft shell crabs.

All that day the men worked on the gorilla, for Mr. Akeley preserved everything for museum and medical records. And constantly they paused to photograph the changing clouds and mountains.

It was a marvelous day. The sheer beauty of it was a spell, and the presence of this great gorilla made it seem like a page from the very beginning of time.

(Copyright, 1922, by Mary Hastings Bradley.)

Another brilliant article telling of Mrs. Bradley's thrilling adventures in the African wilds will appear in next Sunday's Washington Times.

MONSTER BEAST IS KILLED BY SINGLE SHOT FROM RIFLE

Started to Charge Party, But in Excitement Stumbled and Fell Down Ravine—Shock of Fall Knocked Fight Out of Him and He Became Easy Target.

TOO EARLY MARRIAGE OFTEN FATAL TO HAPPINESS, SAYS BRITISH WRITER

LONDON, May 27.

WHAT is the right age for marriage?

In part, of course, the question is one for doctors and physiologists. It is for them, and not for the student of manners, to determine the age at which a girl becomes a woman and a maid may properly become a matron.

Though they cannot lay down any hard and fast rule, for there is a world of difference between different individuals, it is quite certain that they would favor an absolute prohibition of marriage until an age vastly in excess of sixteen; and we may take it that everyone would like the law to take cognisance of their views.

Marriage, however, is not solely a question of eugenics, though the eugenists are rather fond of writing as if it were. It involves mental and moral as well as physical considerations; and when he have settled the age at which a wise eugenist would sanction marriage, there remains another question of more intimate concern to most of us.

Are early or late marriages the more conductive to the happiness of individuals and the stability of society?

It is a question to which superficial people are prone to supply a facile answer.

THE PERMANENT PACT.

Late marriages, they tell us, are the chief cause of the lax morality of the age.

It is natural, they argue that young men who delay marriage should sow wild oats. Young women cannot always be trusted not to imitate them in that respect. Early marriage, gratifying their passion for romance, would remove temptation from their path; and the early assumption of responsibility is the best education in the art of living.

Nothing is easier than to talk like that—and even to go on talking like that for a long time—if one is satisfied to speak before one thinks; but when one does stop to think, objections present themselves.

The chief objection, so often overlooked by preachers and moral philosophers, is this:

The marriage of men and women differs from the pairing of the birds in at least two essential particulars; the first, that they marry not for a season, but for life; the second that, as the union is intended to be permanent, compatibility of taste and temperament are not less necessary to its success than mutual passion.

A secondary consideration is the economic one. It is difficult for men in the early twenties to support a wife and children in that comfort and security which, whatever the idealists may say to the contrary, contribute largely to marital success.

Mutual love is a beautiful thing, but it sometimes breaks down under the hardships and privations consequent upon lack of money.

Few men would force this test upon their wives, if they thought that, by waiting awhile, they might improve their material position.

Returning to the question of temperament, in the case of early marriages, we may take it, the mutual passion is practically always there; but the other compatibilities are only there occasionally and, so to say, by accident.

At the dawn of adolescence, young men and young women fall in love, or fancy themselves in love, very easily.

The young man's heart is set aflame by the first pretty face he sees, though the owner of it may be a silly goose or a heartless flirt. A young woman of the same age is just as easily attracted by any suitor of gallant bearing, though he may be selfish and self-centered.

Youth is notoriously deficient in character-reading for the simple reason that it has not had time to acquire that experience essential to good judgment of human nature.

Judgment being in abeyance, imagination usurps its place; and each lover credits the other with admirable qualities which he (or she) does not possess.

Suppose they marry.

Within a little time, vain imaginings will have been crushed by hard fact; and the suspended judgment will once more assert itself.

LEAD TO QUARRELS.

Disillusion will lead to bickerings. From the bickerings will develop estrangement, and perhaps intense dislike; and then, though the prenuptial sowing of wild oats may have been averted by the early marriage, assuredly no bulwark will have been set up against post-nuptial alarums and excursions.

The young flatter themselves that they know better than their elders, and are always quite sure that their first love will be their last; but it would be well worth their while sometimes to ask their elders, not so much what is their opinion, as what has been their experience.

Ask any woman of thirty, or even of twenty-seven, whether she wishes that she were now the wife of the youth who was all the world to her when she was seventeen.

Not in one case out of a hundred (even if her actual marriage has turned out badly) will her answer be in the affirmative.

It is possible, no doubt, to postpone marriage too long. But it is not well to marry while one is young enough for the eyes to be blinded by passion and the judgment to be the obedient humble servant of the imagination.

British Perfumers May Move Houses To France

LONDON, June 10.—Some of the principal firms of English perfumery makers are contemplating the necessity of transferring their works across the Channel to France, owing to the enormous duty which has been charged in this country since 1915 on the commercial alcohol used by them in their productions.

"We have been struggling against this high duty until it has almost reduced our industry, or some branches of it, to extinction," said Ralph Gosnell, chairman of the perfumery trades section of the London Chamber of Commerce.

"The duty per proof gallon on alcohol was about $3, both for manufacturing druggists and perfumery manufacture up till 1915; it is still $3 for the druggist, but has been raised to about $15 for the perfumery maker. The effect on charges to the public can be illustrated by the case of eau de cologne, the manufacture of which used to employ many thousands of British workers. The small-size bottles, formerly priced at about 50 cents, cannot now be sold for less than $2, and the decline in sales has been proportionate.

"In France the duty is only charged on the percentage of alcohol on the finished article, after allowance for heavy evaporation in the process, and not on the unfinished as in England.